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and their great President were sure that he had, but the War Department was still to be convinced, and fully convinced it never was till Appomattox came.

Grant had hardly begun to be known when slanderous tongues and libelous pens attempted to ruin his reputation. Character he had none, at least so far as we can gather from their opinions. Yet if they had examined the annals of the Mexican War, they would have found in the career of Lieut. Grant proofs of sense and heroism. This evidence they did not want, for it would have strangely altered the countenance of the Ulysses Grant of whom they had drawn caricatures for their friends.

Our notice of *The True Ulysses S. Grant*, which appears in this number of the CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW, emphasizes other phases in the career of the renowned Union leader. The reader who desires to know Gen. Grant in clear outline must examine the pages of Prof. Edmonds. If one might hazard a single criticism it is that the author has in a few instances, doubtless out of the abundance of his knowledge, written of military affairs with a slight excess of detail. If these sections had been a little subordinated, perhaps the personality of Grant would have gained in grandeur.

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**The True Ulysses S. Grant.** By Charles King, Brigadier General, U. S. V.: Philadelphia and London, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1914. Pp. 400.

Those who have travelled the broad expanse of literature on the War for Southern Independence will find upon an examination of this handy volume, that there were on the landscape interesting objects that they had not seen. Many of his countrymen best remember Gen. Grant as a President who showed little sagacity in his exercise of the appointing power; others have been chiefly impressed by his Virginia campaigns with their staggering casualties; still others think of him as the fortunate soldier whose superiors or subordinates won for him an almost unbroken succession of victories in the West. Not a few older Americans think of his career on the Coast, of the hard drinking Captain forced to quit the service for the army's good. The people of Galena remembered the older brother who, unregarded, toiled for his juniors in their country store or, perhaps,

of the diffident officer who was unable to harangue a public meeting. In Illinois and in other parts of the West were a few who had heard of a pedestrian quartermaster who had served beyond the Rio Grande.

Have we not read in school books, in magazines, in memoirs and other military narratives that the great leader of the Union armies was sluggish and taciturn, that he was often dull from strong drink, that without emotion he suffered his men by thousands and by tens of thousands to be slaughtered? On all these questions and many besides Gen. King has thrown a strong and steady light. His is not a partisan biography but a book temperately written by one who appears to be as truthful as the subject of his theme.

Of all the thousands who served in the aggressive war against Mexico none surpassed, and few were those who equalled Lieut. Grant in courage. That had been tried from Palo Alto. As quartermaster he might have avoided the fierce encounter at Monterey, but he preferred the rapture of the strife. When perils were gathering near, it was Ulysses Grant, perhaps the best horseman in either the present war or in that to follow, who mounted, dashed through the deadly hail, and spurred back with sorely needed ammunition. Quiet, indeed, he was, and, for the world in which he lived, excessively modest, but his serenity and silence were unmingled with fear.

Those who were convinced that Grant was neither indolent nor intemperate, saw him in fancy gird about him, at Spottsylvania his butcher's apron. Yet when disaster impended over Petersburg, and Lee's devoted little band, in an effort to escape, surged across the bridges, Grant refused to give the order that would have brought death to multitudes. In speaking of this incident he said: "I could not bear to kill, when it seemed so certain that in a day or two we could easily capture." Yet for this moderation the great leader has seldom been praised. In perfect harmony with this humanity was the chivalrous scene at Appomattox, not the issue of rations on a hint from Lee, for *that* might proceed from a generosity which was natural, but the command that hushed the voice of victory and forbade any exulting over a dauntless though vanquished foe.

If patience, industry, modesty, truth, purity, and bravery

deserve a reward, Gen. Grant, who possessed all these virtues and others besides, should have been the happiest person in the land. Yet to him was given but little sunshine. Posterity may forget that for a very brief period he drank a little, but it should not forget that though aware of their hostility he endeavored to serve McClellan, by whom he was injured, and Buell, by whom he was disparaged.

From the boyhood years of Ulysses Simpson Grant to the moment that he had found himself a ruined banker, Gen. King has given us an animated account of one of the most remarkable characters in all American history. One does not care to see the great soldier oppressed with care and conquered by disease, and this the author suggests rather than portrays.

The only thing to criticise about this splendid biography is its title, *The True Ulysses S. Grant*. The implication one does not fully approve, but one should remember that, in the works of a series like the present, the apparent necessities of commerce fashioned the title. If any of the volumes deserves to be styled "The True," it is that from the pen of Gen. King.

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**Kit Carson Days (1809-1868).** By Edwin L. Sabin: Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1914. Pp. 664.

In various ways the era and the principal character of this book have been introduced to readers of American history. Nevertheless, not a little that is new has been included in the present treatment of this familiar hero. Christopher Carson was descended from certain warrior Carsons of the Revolution. Whether all Irish Presbyterians deserve the praise universally bestowed upon the "sturdy Scotch-Irish stock" is not certain, but there is no doubt that the Carsons were entitled to it. Born in 1809, much of his youth was passed at a stockade garrison in Missouri. He appears never to have gone to school, and at the age of fifteen, was apprenticed to a saddler from whom he escaped after a year of unattractive toil. Following a caravan on the Santa Fé trail, he then gained his first impressions of Mexicans and Indians.

With Ewing Young, Kit Carson made the perilous journey to California, when he learned to hunt, to trap, and fight Indians, occupations in which he was destined to pass many of his early